By W. Clark Enseell, Author of Numerous

Exciting Sea Novels,

CHAPTER VIII. A TRAGICAL DEATH,

For some time after I had relieved the deck. as it is termed, that is to say, after the mate had gone below and left me in charge, I had the company of the Captain, who seemed restless and troubled, often quitting my side as we paced, to go to the rall and view the horizon with the air of a man perturbed by expectation. I need not tell you that I did not breathe a word to him respecting my talk with the car-penter, not even to the extent of saying how fancies about the Dutchman were flying about among the crew, for this subject he was in no

state of mind to be brought into.

The moon was rising a little before he joined me, and we stood in silence watching her. She jutted up a very sickly faint red, that brightened but a little after she lifted her lower limb slear of the horizon, and when we had the full of her plain we perceived her strangely distorted by the atmosphere, and of the shape, if shape it can be called, of a rotten orange that has been squeezed, or of a turtle's egg lightly pressed. She was more like a blood-colored jelly distilled by the sky, ugly and even affrighting, than the sweet lee-cold planet that empearls the world at night, and whose delicate silver the lover delights to behold in his sweetshe seared, though holding a dusky blush for a much longer time than ever I had noticed in her when rising off the mid-African main; and the breeze, hung in broken indissoluble lumns of feverish light, like coagulated gore that had ropped from the wound she looked to be in

There was a faintness in the heavens that closed out the sparkles of the farther stars, and but a few, and those only of the greatest mag-nitude, were visible, shining in several colors, such as dim pink and green and wan crystal; all of which, together with one or two of them above our mastheads, dimly glittering amid feeble rings, made the whole appearance of the night amazing and even ghastly enough to excite a feeling of awe in the attention it com-pelled. The Captain spoke not a word while the moon slowly floated into the dusk; and then, fetching a deep breath, he said:

Well, thank God, if she don't grow round it's because of the shadow on her. Keep a bright look out, Mr. Fenton, and hold the ship to her course. Should the wind fail, call me-and call me, too, if it should head us."

With which he walked quietly to the hatch,

stood there a moment or two with his hand upon it and his face looking up as though he studied the trim of the yards, and then disap-

upon it and his face looking up as though he studied the trim of the yards, and then disappeared.

As the night wore on the moon gathered her wonted hue and shape, though her refulgence was small, for the air thickened. Indeed, at half-past 10 all the lights of heaven, saving the moon, had been put out by a mist, the texture of which was illustrated by the only luminary the sky contained, around whose pale expiring disk there was now a great halo, with something of the character of a lunar rainbow in the very delicate, barely determinable tinctures, which made a sort of shadowy prism of it, more like what one would dream of than see. The ocean lay very black, there was no power in the moon to cast a wake, the breathings of the wind rippied the water and caused a scintilisation of the spangles of the phosphorus or sca-fire, the weight of the lower sails kept them hanging up and down, and what motion the ship had was from the swelling of the light canvas that rose very pale and ghostly into the gloom.

I had gone to the taffall, and was staring there away into the dark, whither our short wake streamed in a sort of smouldering cloudiness with particles of fire in it, conceiving that the wind was falling, and waiting to make sure befere reporting to the Captain, when I was startled by the report of a musket or some small arm that broke on my ear with a muffled sound, so that whence it came I could not conceive. Fet for some minutes I felt so persuaded the noise had been saward that, spite of there having been no flash. I stood peering hard into the dark, first one side then the other, far as the sails would suffer me.

Then, but all very quickly, concluding that the explosion had happened aboard, and might betoken mischief, I ran along the dock where, close against the wheel. I found a number of samme taking hurriedly and in alarmed voices. I called out to know what that noise had been as mail explosion in the hold, and a third was giving his opinion when at that instant a figure durited out of the companion hatch

"Mr. Fenton: air. Fenton: Where are you?"
I recognized the voice of Mr. Hall, and bawled back. "Here sir!" and ran to him. He grasped my arm. "The Captain has shot himself!" he exclaimed.
"Where is he?" said I.
"In his cabin," he answered.
We rushed down together. The great cabin,

and the had fired the piece with his loot by a string attached to the trigger, standing upward with his brow bent to the muzzle, for the bight of the string was round his shee, and he had fallen sideways, grasping the barrel.

The sight froze me to the marrow. Had I killed him by accident with my own hand I could not have trembled more. But this exquisite distress was shortlived. It was only accident with my own hand I could not have trembled more. But this exquisite distress was shortlived. It was only accident to look at his head to discover how fruitless would be the task of examining him for any signs of life. Some of the seamen who heard Mr. Hall ery out to me, had followed us below, forgetting their place in the consternation roused in them, and stood in the doorway faintly growning and muttering exclamations of pity. Mr. Hall bid a couple of them raise the body and lay it on its bunk and cover it with a sheet, and others he sent for water and a swab wherewith to cleanse the place.

"You had better go on deck again, Fenton," said he to me: "the shin must be watched. I'll join you presently."

I was glad to withdraw, for, albelt there was a shastliness in the look of the night, the sea being black as ebony, though touched here and there with little shuets of lire, and stretching like a pall to its horizon, that was drawing narrower and murkler around us minute after minute, with the wing-like shadow of vapor that way yet too thin to deserve the name of fog: though there was this ghastliness. I say, aided by the moon, that was now hittle more than a dim, tarnished blotch of shaneless silver, wanly ringed with an ashen cineture, yet the taste of the faint breeze was as as helpful to my spirits as a dram of generous cordial after the taste of the faint breeze was as as helpful to my spirits as a dram of generous cordial after the taste of the faint breeze was as as helpful to my spirits as a dram of generous cordial after the taste of the faint breeze was as as helpful to my spirits as a dram of generous cord

MR. HALL HARANGUES THE CREW. MR. HALL HARANGUES THE CREW.

The news had spread quickly: the watch below had roused out and most of the inen were en deck, and they moved about in groups, striving to find out all about the suleide.

Presently Mr. Hall arrived on deck, fully drossed, and, stepping over to where I stood, in deep thought, exclaimed:

"Did you have a suspicion that the Captain designed this fearful act?"

No. not a shadew of a suspicion," I answered.

"Did you have a suspicion that the Captain designed this fearful act?"
No, not a shadew of a suspicion," I answered.
"Tis enough to make one believe he was not far out when he talked of the ill luck he expected from epaking a craft that had sighted Vanderdecken," and he, very unensity, which made me see how strong was the blow his serves had received; and running his eyes restlessly over the water here and there, as I might tell by the dim sparkies the fairt moon haze kindled in them. "Oh, but," he continued, as if dashing aside his fancies, the mere circumstance of his being so superstitious ought to explain the act. I have often thought there was a vein of madness in him."
"I never questioned that," I replied.
""Tis an ugly looking night," said he, with a little tremble running through him; "there is some menace of foul weather. We shall loss this faint air presently." He shivered again and said: "Such a sight as that below is senough to make a tell of a night or midsummer beauty. It is the suddenness of it that selves upon the imagination, why, dye know, Penton, I'd give a handful of milens, poor as I am, for a rousing sale—anything to thow my mind to its bearings, for here's a sort of business," looking aioit, "that's fit to suffocate the heart in your breast."

Such words, in so plain and literal a man, made me perceive how violentive had been wrenched. I begged his leave to go below and fetch him a glass of liquor.
"No, no," said he, "not yet, anyhow. I must speak to those fellows there."
"Soving which he walkel in little distance forward calling for the bearing, ho said, "Are all hands on deek?"
"believe most of the crew are on deck, sir."

"I believe most of the crew are on deck, sir."
replied the boatswair.
Pipe all hands." said Mr. Hall.
The clear teen whistling rose shrill to the sais, and made as blithe acound as could have been devised for the obsering of us up. The

fetched, and in the light of them stood the crew near to the round house.

Mr. Hall made a brief speech. He explained to the men how on hearing the report of a musket he had sprung from his bed, and percelving powder smoke leaking through the openings of the door of the Captain's cabin, through which some rays of light streamed, he entered, and seeing the body of the Captain, and the horrid condition of the head, was filled with a panie, and rushed on deck. That the master had shot himself was certain, but there was no help for what had happened. The command of the ship fell upon him; but it was for them to say whether he should navigate the ship to her destination, or back to Table Bay, where a fresh commander could be obtained.

He was very well liked on board, being an excellent seaman; and the crew, on hearing this, immediately answered that they wanted no better master to sail under than he, and that, indeed, they would not consent to a change; but having said this with a heartiness that pleased me, for I liked Mr. Hall greatly, and was extremely glad to find the crew so well disposed, they fell into an awkward silence, broken after a little by some hoarse whisperings.

"What now?" says Mr. Hail.

"Why, sir," answers the toatswain, respectfully. "It's this with the men; there's a notion

"How is that to be done?" says Mr. Hall. coming easily into the matter, partly because of his shaken nerves, and partly because of his shaken nerves, and partly because of the kindness he folt toward the hands for the way they had received his address to them. Here there was another pause, and then the boatswain, speaking somewhat shyly, said.

The carpenter, who's heard tell more about the Phantom Ship and the spell she lars on vessels than all hands of us put together, says that the only way to work out of a ship's timbers the ill uck that's been put into them by what's magical and heilish, is for a minister of religion to come aboard, call all hands to prayer, and ask of the Lord a blessing on the ship. He says there's no other way of purifying of her."

Can't we pray ourselves for a blessing?"

Says Mr. Hall.

The boatswain not quickly answering a saller says. "It needs a man who knows how to pray—who's acquainted with the right sort of words to use."

"She surely doesn't hope to catch us napping?" said I.

"God knows!" cried the mate. "What would I give now for a bit of moon!"

"If it's to be a fight, it'll have to be a shooting match for a spell, or wind must come anisotic." of words to use."

"Aye." cried another. "and whose calling is religion."

Mr. Hall half turned, as if he would address me; then, checking himself, he said: "Well, my lads, there's no wind now, and small promise of any. Suppose we let this matter rest till tomorrow morning: Mr. Fenton and I will talk it over, and you forward can turn it about in your minds. I believe we shall be easier when the Captain's buried and the sun's up, and then we might agree it would be a pity to put back after the tough job we've had to get where we are. But lest you should still be all of one mind on this matter in the morning we'll keep the ship, should wind come, under small sail, so as to make no headway worth speaking of during the night. Is that to your faney, men?"

They all said it was, and thereupon went forward, but I noticed that those who were off duty did not offer to go below; they joined the watch on the forecastic, and I could hear them in carnest talk, their voices trombling through the stillness like the humming of a congregation in church following the parson's reading.

Mr. Hall came to my side and we walked the deck.

"I am sorry the men have got that notion of of words to use."
"Aye," cried another. "and whose calling is

Mr. Hall came to my side and we waked the deck.

"I am sorry the men have got that notion of this ship being under a spell," said be. "This is no sweet time of the year in these scas: to put back will, I daresay, be only to anger the weather that's now quiet enough, and there's always the risk of falling into Dutch hands."

I told him of my taik with the carpetter, and said that I could not be surprised the crew were alarmed, for the old fellow had the devil's own knack of putting his fancies in an alarming way.

were alarmed, for the old fellow had the devirs own knack of putting his fancies in an alarming way.

"I laughed at some of his fancies," said I, "but I don't mind owning that I quitted his cabin so duiled in my spirits by his talk that I might have come from a deathbed for all the heart there was in me."

"Well, things must take their chance," said Mr. Hall. "I'll speak to the carpenter myself in the morning, and afterward to the men, and if they are still wishful that the ship should return to Table Bay, we'll sail her there. Tis all one to me. I'd liefer have a new Captain over me than be one."

We continued until five bells to walk to and fro the deck, talking about the Captain's suiside, the strangeness of it as following his bellef that ill-luck had come to the ship from the Plymouth vessel, with other such matters as would be surgested by our situation and the tragedy in the cabin, and Mr. Hall then said he would go below for a glass of rum; but he rofused to lie down—though I offered to stand an hour of his watch that is from midnight till I o'clock—for he said he should not be able to sleep.

Most of the crew continued to hang about the

(To be continued)

A Great Invasion of Small Soursters It Was

A New Yorker, who has recently taken a

home in the country, noticed ten days ago the

now attracted wide attention in this section of the country. The trees suddenly became filled

with birds, almost as orehard boughs are filled

with fruit in autumn. They were not sparrows,

In fact, from all parts of the Atlantic coast

comes the same story of the disappearance of

all sorts of birds-brilliant, plump, red fellows:

dark green songsters, pretty drab birds marked

with white and almost as big as robins, a few

spend most of their time running over the

birds, with vellow and black plumage, and,

in fact, not only more birds than the New Yorker ever saw alive together, but very many that he had not seen since he was a boy. Everybody around the New Yorker's new

country home remarked this reappearance of

bers in the host of songsters. How could they at daybreak every day, and is so now by the

remarkable invasion of song birds that has

till I o'clock—for he said he should not be able to sleep.

Most of the crew continued to hang about the forecastle, which rescued the deck from the extreme loneliness I had found in It ere the report of the fatal musket startled all hands into wakefulness and movement. The lantens had been carried away and the ship was plunged in darkness. There still blew a very light air, so gentie that you needed to wet your finger and hold it up to feel it. From the darkness about feel it we delicate sounds of the higher canvas softly drumming the masts to the very slight rolling of the skip. I went to the binnacie, and found that the vessel was heading her course, and then stepped to the rail, upon which I set my elbows, leaning my chin in my hands, and in that posture fell a trinking.

CHAPTER X.

WE DRAW CLOSE TO A STRANGE AND LUMINOUS

Now I might have stood thus for ten minutes.

Now I might have stood thus for ten minutes, when I was awakened from my dream by an eager, leverish muttering of voices forward, and on a sudden the harsh notes of a seaman, belonging to my watch cried out, "Dye see that sail, right broad abeam, sir,"

I sprang from my leaning nosture and peered, but my eyes were heavy; the night was dark, and while I stared several of the sallors came hurriedly aft to where I stood and said, all speaking together:

"There—see her, sir? Lock yonder, Mr. Fenton!" and their arms, to a man, shot out to point, as if every one levelled a pistol.

Though I could not immediately make out the object, I was not surprised by the consternation the sailors were in; for such was the mood and tempor of the whole company that not the most familiar and prosaic craft that floats on the ocean could have broken through the obscurity of the night upon their gaze without tickling their superstitious instincts till the very hair of their heads crawled to the inward metions. In a few moments, sure enough, I made out the loom of what looked a large ship, out on the starboard beam. As well as I could distinguish, she was close hauled, and so standing as to pass under our stern. She made a sort of laintness upon the sea and sky where she was: nothing more, And even to be sure of her, it was necessary to look a little on one side or the other of her; for if you gazed full, she went out as a dim distant light at soa does thus viewed.

"She may be an enemy." I cried. "There should be no lack of Dutch or even French her about. Quick, lads, to stations! Send the boatswain here."

I ran to the commanion hatch and called loudly to Mr. Hall. He had fallen asteep on a locker, and came running in a billnd sort of way to the foot of the lader, shouting out:

"Where away? Where away?"

I there was any wind I could feel none. Yet some kind of draught there must have been, for the ship out in the darkness held a brave luff, which proved her under command. We, on the other hand, rested upon the liquid chony of the oc

mate furned smartly to me and said:

"We must make ready and take our chance. Bos'n, pipe to quarters; and Mr. Fenton, see all elean."

For the second time in my watch the boatswain's pipe shrilled clear to the canvas, from whose stretched, still folds the sounds broke away in ghostly echoes. We were not a man-of-war, had no drums, and to martial duties we could but address ourselves clumsily. But all felt that there might be a great danger in the pale shadow yonder that had seemed to coze out upon our eyes from the darkness as strangely as a cloud shapes itself upon a mountain top.

So we tumbled about quickly and wildly enough got our ittle batteries clear, put on the latter graings and tarpanisms, opened the management, lighted the matches, provided the guns with spare breeches and tackles, and sleed ready for whatever was to come. All this we contrived with the aid of one or two lasterns, very secretly moved about, as Mr. Hall did not wish us to be seen making ready; but the want of light delayed us, and by the time we were fully prepared, the strange ship had insensibly floated down to about three-quarters of a mile on our starboard quarter.

At that distance it was too black to enable us to make anything of her, but we comforted our selves by observing that she did not effect of alter her course, whence we might reasonably hose that she was a peaceful trader like ourselves. She showed no lights: her sails were all that was visible of her, owing to the hue they put into the darkness over her hull. It was a time of heavy trial to our patience. Our ship had come to a dead stand, as it was easy to discover by looking over the side, where the small, pale puffs of phosphorte radiance that flashed under water at the depth of a man's hand from our vessel's strakes whenever she rolled, no matter how daintily, to the swell, hung glimmering for a space in the self-same spot where they were discharged. Nor was there the least sound of water in motion under the counter, unless it were the gurgling, drowning sobiling y washing all about the rudder.

"I would to merey a breeze would come, if only to resolve her." and Mr. Hall to me in a low voice. "There's but little fun to be got out of this sort of waiting. At this rate we must keep the men at their estations fill daylight to find out what she is. Pleasant if she should. TALES TOLD BY SHOP GIRLS. WHAT SWEETENS THEIR LIVES AND

The Santa have been Removed and the State Must Stand All Day-Petty Annoyances and Petty Fines Imposed-The Lunch Henr and its Joys-Prices Paid in these Why the Chairs were Removed from Be-

MAKES THEM BITTER.

prove some Dutch man-of-war! She shows uncommonly large, don't you think. Featon?"

"So do we to her, I dare say, in this obscurity." I replied. "But I doubt that she's a man-of-war. I have been watching her closely, and have never once caught sight of the least gleam of a light aboard her."

"Maybe the officer of the watch and the lookout are sound asleep," said he, with a slight and not very merry laugh; "and is she's steered on her quarter deek, she'll be too deepwalsted perhaps for the helmsman to see us." I heard him say this without closely beceding it, for my attention at that moment was attracted by what was unquestionably the enlargement of her pallid shadow; sure proof that she had shifted her belin, and was slowly coming round so as to head for us. Mr. Hall noticed this na well as I.

"Ha!" he cried, "they mean to find out what we are, hey? They've observed us at last. Does she bring an air with her that she's under control, or is it that she's lighter and tailer than way?"

It was beyond question because she was lighter and tailer, and having been close-hauled to the faint draught, had made more of it than we who carried it aft. Besides, we were loaded down to our chain-plate bolts with cargo, and the water and other stores we had shipped at the Cape. Yet her approach was so sluggish as to be imperceptible, and I would not like to say that our gradual drawing together was not as much due to the current which, off this coast, runs strong to the westward, setting us, who were deep, faster toward her than it set her from us, as it was also owing to the strange attraction which brings becalmed vessels near to each other, often, indeed, to their having to be towed clear by their boats.

Meanwhile the utter silence on board the stranger, the blackness in which her huill lay hidden, the strangeness of her bracing-in her yards to head up for us without any signal being shown that she designed to fight us, wrought such a fit of impatience in Mr. Hall that he swung his body from the backstay he clutched in mo "Want to know about a shop girl's life? Why, who do you suppose would read it if you wrote it? People say of us all, from the little cash girl in her apron and check up to the best saleslady in the establishment on a salary that exceeds the income of some who scorn her. 'Oh, she's a shop girl,' and they put us in a class apart, as if we're all alike and rather below par anyway. I suppose if Noah were to get up an ark now they'd march in a pair of shop girls along with the elephant and kangaroo as a different species of animal. There's as much diversity in shop girls lives as in the lives of girls in seciety. Some of the girls begin to work when 10, 12, or 14 years old, and continue until they hold the best place in the store. Of course they have little time for study or self improvement; perhaps they have little vain and dressy and spend all their money on clothes. Well, they are not the only women whe spend all they can get on dress and all the leisure time they have in arraying themselves. Perhaps they have in arraying themselves. Perhaps they do not earn enough at first to live in her lives so far away. I know one girl that lives so far away she has to take the scenar cars to get here, and get up 5 o'clock in the more to be proposed to their own salary or to help their people evenings, and some of them live ever so far amay. I know one girl that it was so far away she has to take the sican cars to get here, and get up 5 o'clock in the mility ask for a sample or say she will go home and consider it, or that she walls for a sample or say she will go home and consider it, or that she walls go home and consider it, or that she walls in the clied, and the will go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she walls go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she walls go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she walls will go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she wall go home and consider it, or that she a class apart, as if we're all alike and rather hans they do not earn enough at first to live in a trifle coarse and they lose the little refine-I give now for a bit of moon!"
"If it's to be a fight, it'll have to be a shooting match for a spell, or wind must come quickly," said I. "But if she meant mischief, wouldn't she head to pass under our storn, where she could rake us, rather than steer to come broadside on?"

Instead of responding, the mate sprang on to the bulwark rail, and in tones such as only the practised and powerful lungs of a seaman can ding, roared out:
"Ho, the ship, ahoy!"

We listened with so flerce a strain of attention that the very beating of our hearts rung in our ears; but not a sound came across the water. Twice yet did Mr. Hall hait that pallid fabric, shapeless as yet in the dark air, but to no purpose. On this there was much whispering among the men about the guns. Their voices came along in a low, grambling sound like the growling of dors, duiled by threats.

"Silence, fore and aft!" oried the mate. "We don't know what she is; but we know what we are! and, as Englishmen, we surely have spirit enough for whatever may come." ment that marks a lady; perhaps they are really bad sometimes, but are there not bad ety? Some of those women that ride round in their gorgeous clothes in the Park and on the avenues and have their ball dresses described in the paper do things that plenty of shop girls

wouldn't stoop to do.
"But though there are many of the sort just described, there are also many girls in the stores who have nice homes and pleasant friends, girls who are well educated and well brought up, who are refined and ladylike, but who work because they like the independent of themselves; like the money they earn, for the salesladies receive a very good salary, \$12, fort, luxury, and refining influence, have gone in society, and all, and yet, through death, loss of property, or some of the misfortunes that come so often, they have been obliged to earn their living. Not every one can write or sing or play or teach, and if they could they couldn't it may be that the shop girl to whom people man to show them the door if they had preher parents or her own little children with the

continued to draw closer and closer to each other. A small clarification of the atmosphere happening past, the stranger suffered a dim disclosure of her canvas, whence I perceived that she had nothing set above her tongallant sails, though it was impossible to see whether she carried royal masts, or indeed whether the yards belonging to these masts were crossed on them. Her hull had now also stolen out into a piteh-black shadow, and after gazing at it with painful intentness for some moments I was extravagantly astonished to observe a kind of crawling and flickering of light resembling that which burnt in the sea, stirring like glowworms along the vessel's side.

I was about to direct Mr. Hall's attention to this thing, when he said in a subdued voice: "Fenton d've notice the faint shining about her hull? What in God's name can it be?"
Searcely had be uttered these words when a sailor on the starboard side of our ship, whom I recognized by the voice as one Ephraim Jacobs, an elderly, sober, plous-minded seaman, cried out with a sort of scream in his notes: "As I hope to be forgiven my sins for Jesu's sake, yon's the ship that was curst last century!" a woman who earns her living in an honest, ladylike way.

"Well, we have to be here at 8 o'clock every morning whether we live on the east side, the west side, in Brooklyn, or Harlem, and 8 o'clock isn't an unreasonable hour at all, nor do we ever compilain; but if we are ten minutes late, no matter why, we are fined. Of course, to the cash girls this fine means going without the cup of lot coffee or the little bit of fruit she would have bought to piece out her little lunch; but, so far as I am concerned. I doa't care anything about the fine; it is the restriction that I object to and the being roprimanded. I don't intend to be late. I am just as much interested in being here in time and as much interested in being here in time and selling a lot of goods as the proprietor is himself. I like my business, and am proud of my day, and the idea that because I happen to miss a car, or have one of the thousand little delaying accidents that every woman and man, too, for that matter is liable to, that some man who knows nothing about me has a right to repri-mand me and line me just makes me cross and

ris my pride. Then the hardest thing of all a shop girl has "Then the burdest thing of all a shop girl has to endure is the constant standing from 8 in the morning until 6 at night, with only one half hour rist at noon. A few years ago some one stirred up this subject and seats were placed behind the counter, but they have been all taken away. The salestadies in suite departments can sit down, but not in the room where the customers are. Of course, if they go away in the little side room to rest they miss their customers, and the consequence is that they stand all day outside. We do not mind it on busy days, the excitement keeps us up, but on duil days we almost faint away sometimes

chatter and chirping and carolling of birds, snough to back the air with their music. Similar sounds were heard in Central Park, and it was a question how all these little birds could possibly have got word so quickly that their arch enemy, the snarrow, had been swept out of existence by the blizzard of last March. Some persons took it for granted that the absence of the sparrows accounted for the presence of the other birds. This is also the goneral opinion among the country people throughout New Jersey. They have put the two things together and decided that all the old favorites among the American small birds had been hidding somewhere for the last twenty years, and now have reappeared with loud chorusing over the downfall of the sparrow.

The New Yorker made inquiries among those likely to know about the habits of our birds. Then he came to Mr. Sauter, the largest collector and taxidermist in town; he not only found that that gentleman knew what was wanted, but that his friends from all over the neighborhood—from Fire Island. Port Jervis, Westelbester and the Orange Mountains, had been deluging him with the dead bodies of the little wood-choristers they could not forbear killing with their shotguns, Mr. Sauter was surrounded by heaps of the pretty corpses, and by long lines of others hanging up in wires. He took them lovingly up, one by one, and told what they were. The brilliant vellow and black bird was the Baltimore oriole, the equally vivid red birds were the scarlet tanagers, the dark green birds that ones were familiar in the woods around New York.

"The sparrow has had nothing to do with the rush of warbiers," said he. "The long delay in the approach of spring kept all the birds South. Not only was it too cold here, and wore the blossoms that held the insects they feed upon tardy in opening, but a north wind prevailed, and these little birds are not able to fight their way against the wind. A little more than a week ago the wind shifted to the south and brought the whole group of belated warbiers on i

surrounded by heats of the perty tecropses, and by long lines of others honging the perty to come by one and back with the water. The brilliant velow and black hird was the Baitimore oriole, the caughly vivid red birds were the warfer tampers, the dark green, the big drab birds with the white streaks were the king birds, that are not afraid of hawks or crows, and others that he pointed out were obselvinks tomits, robins, and many other around New York.

"The sparrow has had nothing to do with the rush of warthiers," said he. The long delay in the birds around the ward of the rush of warthiers, said he. The long delay in the blossoms that held the insects they feed unon lardy in opaning, but a north wind nevalue, and these little birds are not able to fight their on lits steady current to their destinations in of circumstances has not influenced the live way to this neighborhood a few days ahead of the present occasion is the great number of last new repeared. They neve were so obenitial in my time before. The reach of the present occasion is the great number of acriet thangers, and in words was according to the research occasion is the great number of search tangers had made they are the best received by the bilinear's the present occasion is the great number of search thangers along the present occasion is the great number of search thangers along the present occasion is the great number of the present occ

near the floor, but we fly up lively if we see the floor walker coming this way."

"The girls abused the privilege," explained the floor walker, a delicate-looking girl, "They were not quick to rise up when customers came in, and grew neglectful and indolent. Of course it is thresome to stand so long, and girls need to be strong to endure it, but they like the work aside from that, and in time they seem to grow accustomed to it, so that they do not mind it as they do at first.

"The hardest things we have to be waited on. It isn't so much what they do not they do it that makes us tired. Some people come in and are so pleasant and politic we just enjoy pulling everything all down from the shelves to please them, and they thank us when they do away after we have showed them a lot of goods, and they haven't bought anything. Of course it is our business to show the good, but just as much their husiness to be ladvilke. I tell you some of the girls tenind the counter are more indylike than the rich people they wait en. Sometimes a woman who has nothing on earth to do but shop and go home in her carriage to tress up in the things sho buys will come flying in a 55%, and want every

Masculine Economy.

There lived not very many years ago a short distance from the town of Beaver, which, by the way, is looking like a young bride just now in her bondoir of green hills, a man efectivardinary meanness. I don't think it would be unjust to say that he was a miser. Most of you would enjoy the story more if I gave you his name. But I won't do it.

One day as he was starting out for Beaver to do his weekly shorping—for even he had to buy something for the support of his family—his wife came out and asked him to buy her a during needle.

"Visat's the matter with the one I bought you last winter?"

"The eye's broken out," she replied.

"Bring the needle here," said he; "I'm not going to allow any such extravagance. Fil have the needle mended."

The somman was wise, and made no protest. She brought out the broken needle.

The aconomical farmer rode into Beaver and stopped first of all at the blacksmith's shop. He took out the needle and hunded it to the blacksmith. "I want that mended," he sold.

The blacksmith knew his customer and keening he had ever the ince berdetty straight, and that the vessioned be trade whole in an hour's time. The farmer rode away, and the blacksmith walked across the street and bought a new needle for a cent of two.

When the farmer called again the blacksmith From the Pittsburgh Disputch.

across the street and bought a new needle for a cent or two.

When the farmer called again the blacksmith gave him the new needle. The farmer looked at the smooth poliched surface of the steel, and remarked that it was a good job.

"Ten cents," said the blacksmith, and the farmer, as he paid it, remarked, but his who with the needle could be mended, but his who would have gone to the externer of buying a new one if he bath't interfered,

From the Allanta Journal. In the Recorder's Court Grant Sloan, col-

In the Recorder's Court Grant Sloan, col-cred, was tried for fighting at a negro dance on Forsyth street last Monday night.

Lawrence Strong was standing with a woman in the centre of the room, when Sloan came up and wanted to take his place.

"I am dancing here," said Strong.

"You just look on the floor, and you will see I have done consider many down here."

This sattled the amostical as the rule was

This settled he cuswion as the rule was
that when a man chalked his name on the
floor the wisce was his.

Disappointment argered Sloan, and when
some one pushed him a little he wheeled
about and struck Strong a blow in the face,
which caused him to measure his length on
the floor.

The Recorder flued Sloan \$10.75.

MRS. SHERWOOD ON MOURNING.

Its Periods and Etiquette in English of

A rather grim piece of humor came out in a French paper a few years ago as to the different styles of mourning to be used by those who are not too deeply afflicted. A lilac silk trimmed with black lace was called "mitigated affliction," while a black velvet was the "luxury of woe." "Ornamental" mourning would seem to be a very great contradiction of terms, but still mourning has its coquetries Worth, on being asked to dress a rich American widow, asked to see her photograph, for, he said, he wished to see if she were the "sort of woman to relish a becoming black." The mockery, the conventional absurdities, the affectations which thus lend themselves to caricature what is the most solemn and most ter-rible thing in life, the giving back of our beloved to God, cannot be too strongly con-demned. There is a ghoul-like ghastliness in talking about "ornamental" or "becoming"

or "complimentary" mourning. What mourning means with us, of the gloomy Angle-Saxon race, is that it is a sort of shield from the world in the period of our despest sorrow and distress. And it has thus become a mark of our respect for those whom we have lost, whether a near relative or a remote friend. Mourning is very expensive, and it has been desire of many philanthropic persons to do away with it, in the hope of thus saving many a poor family the expense and trouble at a time when the heart could little bear the burden. But it is a feeling too deeply rooted in the human heart, and the poorest woman wishes to bury har dead decently, and to cover herown person with the gloomiest black. it is fortunate for all, even for those who feel

the most the death of a friend, that there are nee to leave it off.

Do I love my friend less? Do I love his
nemory less? are the painful, heart-breaking
mestions which we ask when we take off our

ence to leave it off.

Do I love my friend less? Do I love his memory less? are the painful, heart-breaking questions which we ask when we take off our mourning.

It is the English fashion to Ignore feeling and to decide to take off crape in six months, and that the duration of mourning shall not exceed a year. A dense cloud of black bombanine and crape, a widow's cap, long, thick black with and white transparent cuffs at the wrists—such is the English widow's costumo, and it is copied here, a very becoming and dignified dress. Many widows wear it all their lives, or until they marry again. Crape is a very expensive, disagreeable material, ruined by dampases and dust. Therefore Henrietta cloth, tamise bayonaise, nun's veiling grenadine, and lustreless American black silks are brought in.

For parents, sons and daughters wear mourning for a year. During the first half year a lady wears Henrietta cloth or serge trimmed with crape, with black tuile at wrist and neck; a deep veil is worn at the back of the bonnet, but not over the head or face, like the widow's veil, which should almost cover the entire person. This iashion is objected to by the oculists, who declare that it inpres the eye. It is a thousand pities that fashion dictates the eye. It is a thousand pities that fashion dictates the erape veil.

The rule in England is that parents should wear nourning for children less than a year. But in America a year and a half is allowed. The mourning is less deep than for a husband but parents must settle this for themselves. As this is the most awail and real of all griefs, we can only suggest to stricken mothers that they should for the sake of the survivors try to lighten their mourning gray and violet; for a parent of a child. six months of black, and then two months of very light mourning; for an under or aunt, three weeks is considered all that is necessary. In America, where there is no such flaity of rule, a woman often remains a mounter of the lead, but very broad borders doe who wish to expressing sympathy

they do, just after a death, they must afflict the family more than they console.

The period of a mourner's retirement from the world has been very much shortened of late. For one year, however, no formal visiting is undertaken, nor is there any entertaining in the house.

In half mourning very elegant dresses, trimmed with jet and soit French crape, are permissible. Neither lace nor ornaments set in gold are proper in mourning. All pearls and damonds should be in black enamel. White siik, embroidered with black, is used in England for court mourning.

Black kid gloves in summer are so objectionable that laddes prefer the black Suedo glove, or the silk glove, which is now made with such neatness that it does not disfigure the hand.

The funeral arrangements are generally left

to an undertaker, and the dead body, so dear to us, must be taken away with sacred care and religious ceremony. The coffin is simpler than formerly, and is covered with black cloth, with a silver plate for the name. It is lined with white, and has no longer the sad suggestive shape.

In dressing the remains for the grave those of a man are clad in his habit as he lived, generally evening dress, or, if he be a soider or saflor, in his uniform. In a woman tastes differ. The preference is, however, for a white cashmere robe, and often a delicate cap. The robing of the dead bodies of children and young people should always be white. But there are no absolute rules; tho next of kin must decide. Indeed there is no way of approaching this subject which is not exquisitely painful. The only thing which we can urge is an absence of estentation.

Were should wear mourning for relatives of

ostentation.

Wives should wear mourning for relatives of their husbands precisely as they would for their own, as should husbands for the relatives of their wives. In England servants are put in mourning for the head of the family, and here the carringe and coschman and footman are put in moorning when their masters and mistresses are in black.

A question has been asked which seems hardly to need a negative: "If cards are left on the afflicted, should they be black edged?" Certainly not, unless the person calling happens to be in black. In France, a long, deeply-edged letter, called a "faire part," is sent to every one of the friends to advise them of a death. In this country that is not done, although the fashion of mourning cards is coming in. They are issued after a death, and read: "The family of the late Thomas Turner thank you for sympathy and kind inquiries."

This is very proper. It is good to have some established rules as to visiting and dress, while in first mourning, in order that the gay and heartless may avoid that levity which shocks every one. No gay young widow should dance in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her widow's weeds or go to a gay reception in her so in the remaining for the day. In England people put on bright red as a relief in this co-casional outing. So bright red is considered mourning in England.

When people who have been in mourning wish to resinter society, they should send or leave cards on all their friends, as an intimation is given, it seems heartless to send

OLD FASHIONED PUNISHMENT

DELAWARE'S WHIPPING POST. The Groterque Court that Condemus Men tor the Lask-The Pillery.

From the Chicago Mail.

The Grotesque Court that Condemus Men State Lask—The Pillery.

Prom the Chicagy Mail.

New Castle, May 12.—Four times a year this old town, that seems to be the connecting link between the last century and the present time, is aroused a little from its lothary by the Sheriff throwing open the heavy wooding gates of the eld mily are. These four times are upon the occasions of the quarterly whippings of petty criminals who have been sentenced by the Court to stand in the pillory and to be atrust upon the bared back by a cat-o-infectalls in the hands of the Sheriff. These whippings are the outcome of a court of quarter sessions of the peace and pail delivery. To the natives of this sleery old place the whippings have lost most of their attraction, and the audience that gathers in the pail yard upon such occasions is made up principally of children-sometimes little tots hardly able to walk—and loafers of the village, a few curious men from Wilminston, and three or four reporters. The offences for which prisoners are sentenced to the whipping post are the various grades of stealing. from petty larceny to highway robbery and burglary, and the punishment is accompanies higher grade offences, and the aumber of inshes is larger to those who aspire to lead in the profession of stealing.

The most celebrated whilepings in New Castle took place about 1871, when several celebrated bank burglars, who attempted to rob a Wimington bank were made to stand in the pillory for an hour and were afterward given forty lashes. The punishment is the most severe in winter, when it is not an unusual thin for the victims to stand for one hour in a coloring sheet. The punishment is the most severe in winter, when it is not an unusual thin for the victims to stand for one hour in a coloring to the courts of age. Judge Houston, one of his assistants, is 74 years of age, Judge Houston, one of his assistants, is 74 years of age, Judge Houston, one of his assistants, is 74 years of age, Judge Houston, one of his assistants, is 74 years of age o

notony of their position. Then the prisoners to be flogged are brought out one by one, hared to the waist. Their arms are fastened to the waist. Their arms are fastened to the post, and a deputy sheriff, with a list in his hand, tells the Sheriff how many lashes are to be given. The Sheriff stands to the left, and as he brings the lash down each time the deputy counts aloud. The cat-o-inne tails is not laid on heavily, blood is never drawn sufficiently to run, and the Sheriffs, as a rule, are very lenient. Nearly every blow of the leather thongs makes a well, especially upon white men, and the Sheriff distributes the cuts over the entire back. When twenty lashes are given, no matter how gently laid on, the victim's back is in a very tender condition when the operation is over. The last blow is, as a rule, the hardest, and generally surprises the victim, who imagines that he is getting off easily.

Black men pay the least attention to the whipping, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to jump and kick their heels, ask for chew of tobacco, erack a joke, or laugh as they are led back to their cells. With the whites is different. They squirm a great deal, and frequently give vent to emuhatic exclamations. The crowd of spectators is ready to laugh as any semblance of levity upon the part of the prisoners, and the one who has snough grit to crack a joke after his punishment is repailed by the greeting of the crowd. The last to be whipped are the mon in the pillory, if any there be. They suffer the most, their back and limbs having become stiffened by standing in one position. The first time a stranger witnesses a whipping the idea is disgusting, but after two or three exhibitions it loses its unpleasant features and is looked up morely as relie of the old Laglish laws. Two or three years ago at a whipping every one of the victims was white, an event that has nover been heard of before in the history of the State. It frequently happens that they are all black. At that time the Sheriff struck with his effections an

A Queer Marriage Pos.

From the Atlanta Journal. "When I was living in Middletown, Kentucky," said Dr. Morrison, "I was called upon to marry a young couple, which I did. After the ceremony the groom said nothing about a fee. A few days later I met him on the street, and calling me off to one side, he asked me if a would be willing to take my fee in something besides money. I told him that would be alright, and he left me promising that I should not be forgotten. The next day he kept his word. He sent me a load of wheat straw, a start of hay, and a jug of molasses."

A Good Appetite

effect of the changing season. Heed's haraparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite toning the digration, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Heed's "Hood's Auraparilla gave me new life, and restored me to my wonted health and strength."—WillLIAM II. CLOUGH, Triton N. II.

Dyspensia—Tired Feeling

I have been troubled with dyspersia. I had but little apparite, and in an hour after eating i would experience a faintness or tired, all gone feeling, as if I had not exten ously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, all gone feeling."—G. A. PAGE, Watertown. Mana. "I have taken not quite a bottle of Heod's Harsaparilla.

coally experienced. It relieved me of that faint, all gene feeting "-G. A. PAGE, Watertown Mans.
"I have taken not quite a bettle of Heod's Sarsaparilla and must say it to one of the best medicines for giving an appetite and regulating the digestive organs that I ever heard of. It did me a great scale of good."—Mrs. N. A. Editor Sentine: As vertiser, Hope Valley, E. I.

This is the best time to purify your blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to beneal from medicine. The peculiar purifying and reviving qualities of liced's harasparilla are just what are needed to expendicate and fortify the system against the debilizating effects of mild weather. Every year increases the popularity of itend's deraparilla for it is just what people need at this season. It is the ideal spring medicine. If you have never tried it, do so, and you will be convinced of its needed.

"I must say Hood's Europarille is the best medicine a ever used. Last spring I had no appetite, and the less work I did fatigued me ever so much. I began to take Hood's Europaparille, and soon I fest as if I could do as much in a day as I had formerly done in a week. My appetite is veracious."—Mrs. M. V. BAYARD, atlantic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists B1; six for B. Prepared only by | Bold by all druggists B1; six for B. Prepared only by | C. I. HOOD A CO. Apotheoaries Levell, Man.